

# FARM NOTES

## Barn for Mixed Farming.

The farmer who can so adjust his work that he may dispense with the help of one man is lucky indeed, but many a farmer has done so by simply changing his system of feeding and caring for the stock; also by so disposing of the grain and hay that instead of hauling many tons of it to market it is fed on the farm, and the beef, pork, butter, cheese, etc., sold. This allows the farmer to restore to the ground at least a part of the fertility in the shape of manure.

The barn plan shown herewith in the two illustrations, the ground plan and the perspective view, is so arranged that one man may feed and care for the stock in a short time. As shown on the floor plan, the barn will accommodate fourteen cows, twelve horses, has box stalls for both the cows and horses, also a large calf pen. The installation of manure carriers and hay fork is very easy, and these will soon pay for themselves in the labor saved. A feature of the barn not to be overlooked is the arrangement of the feed room and silo. The four-foot chute extends the entire length of the silo, and has small win-

own views of the matter. However, it is wise to so build them that the stall may be easily cleaned and washed. This construction will comply with all sanitary requirements of inspectors. The floor of the horse stable may be of cement or clay.

The location, the local supply of materials, etc., will of course govern to a certain extent the material entering the construction of any building, and, in fact, all buildings. The barn as shown is twelve feet to the eaves and thirty-eight feet to the peak; the silo is thirty-eight or forty feet high.

The barn should, of course, have a good foundation of stone, brick or cement. On many farms it has been the practice to build a small shed here and there and the stock is scattered all over the farm. This causes an unnecessary lot of labor to care for them; also an unsightly appearance to the surroundings. In constructing a barn of this sort it will not be necessary to do all the work before the same may be used, but a portion of it may be left until time and perhaps your purse will allow it to be finished. —Wallace's Farmer.

## Feeding of Eggs.

Hens will not refuse to lay providing the conditions which surround them are favorable for egg production. Of course, a hen cannot keep on laying all the time, nor will some hens lay even for a majority of the time, but the farmer who provides the correct conditions of housing, feeding and general management will find that he will not be entirely without eggs at any time of the year. Of course, it is not the hen's nature to lay at this time of the year, but if she is comfortably housed and well fed, the farmer will find that the hen after all really has little sentiment as to just which season she shall produce her eggs.

Getting eggs is not entirely a matter of feeding, yet if we feed correctly the hens will not have that as an actual obstacle to laying. Maturity and vigor are two important things in the hens that are to be heavy winter layers. Keep the hens in a thrifty, vigorous condition, and be sure and feed a variety. These things count for a great deal toward success. Corn, oats and wheat are the three principal grain feeds, but there are others that may well be fed by way of variety and the meat and green stuff in some form should never be neglected. Give any kind of meat scraps or prepared meat foods, as it pays. Try to keep the hens under conditions as near like those in existence at spring time as you can, and you will not suffer severely from an egg famine. This is nothing impossible, and briefly, only means comfortable housing, a variety of feeds, green stuff and meat scraps, and sanitary quarters. —Agricultural Epitomist.

## Small Temporary Smokehouse.

If one butchers only once a year, says a correspondent of Farm and Home, it is not necessary to build an expensive smokehouse, for almost as good



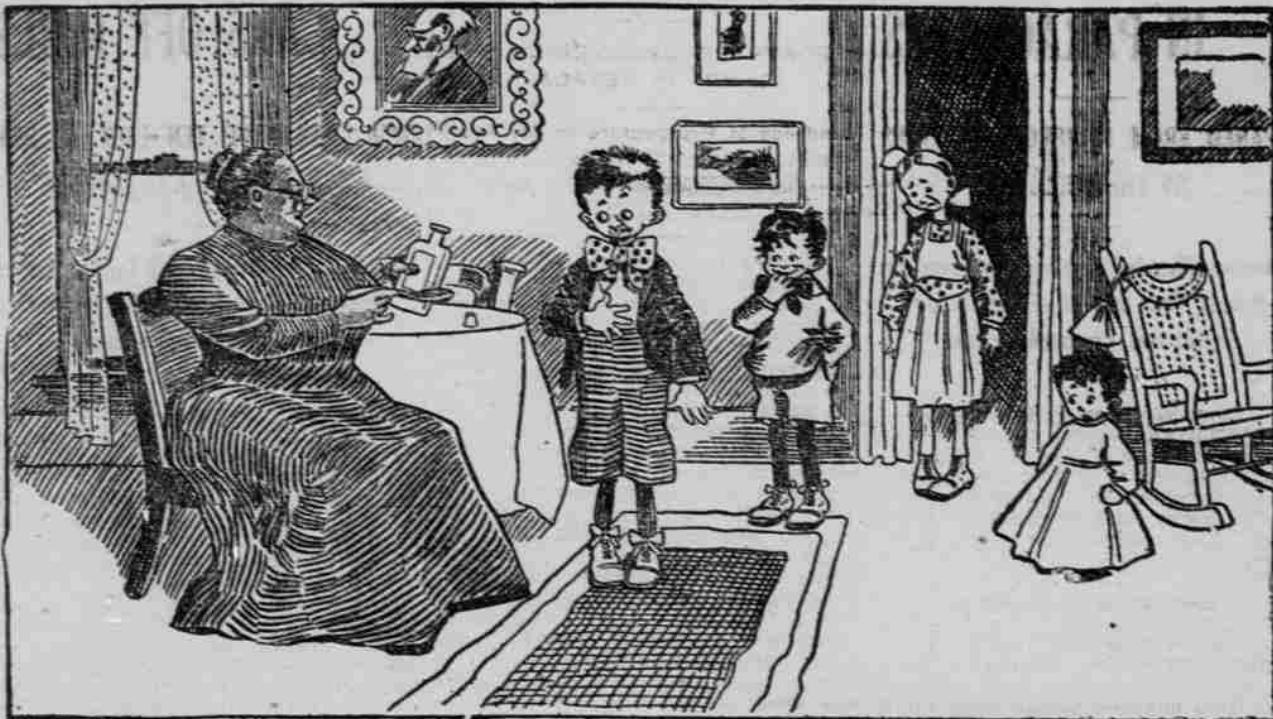
SMALL BUT EFFECTIVE SMOKEHOUSE.

results can be obtained from a device such as the one shown herewith. It is made by taking both ends out of a barrel and mounting it upon a box or above a fireplace in the ground. The meat to be smoked is hung from the sticks laid across the top of the barrel, the fire built underneath and the lid put on.

## Destruction by Rats.

There are those who declare that nothing is created in vain, and that rats and mice are in some way a benefit to mankind. It is hard to see just how. The statistician of the Agricultural Bureau at Washington computes that they create \$15,000,000 damage a year. That is the real money damage, saying nothing of the annoyance. As an offset, the rat catchers of the world sell about \$1,000,000 worth of skins per year, and the fursellers work them and sell them for five times that sum. It is estimated that a full-grown rat will eat six bushels of corn per year.

## SPRING BITTERS.



—Cincinnati Post.

## LONGING.

Come to me in my dreams, and then By day I shall be well again! For then the night will more than pay The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou canst a thousand times, A messenger from radiant climes, And smile on thy new world, and be As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never canst in sooth, Come now, and let me dream it truth; And part my hair, and kiss my brow, And say, "My love, why sufferest thou?"

Come to me in my dreams, and then By day I shall be well again! For then the night will more than pay The hopeless longing of the day. —Matthew Arnold.

## DAISY'S GREAT FAULT

It could hardly be said that Winthrop Mosier courted the girl. Something of the sort was hinted, more or less broadly, by Spink in the office, but Winthrop repelled the soft impeachment with horror and distress. This was by reason of his abnormal modesty.

"You ought to be kicked for even supposing such a thing," said Winthrop to Spink. "Miss Considine is gracious enough to receive my visits occasionally," he went on, "and her mother has been exceedingly kind to me—far more so than I had any right to expect. I have been entertained by the family most hospitably, but I hope I would be the last to presume upon their goodness. I suppose you were only joking, Spink, but I must say I consider such jokes in very bad taste."

Whereupon Spink subsided, contenting himself with a wink to the other fellows.

It seemed to most people that it was hardly necessary for Mosier to deprecate himself in the way he habitually did. He was certainly not much to look at, being undersized and washed out in appearance. The color in him really appeared to be diluted to a point where it was doubtful. It was hard to tell whether his eyes were blue or gray, or whether his hair was flaxen or bleached brown. He had a funny little snub nose, a wide, thin-lipped mouth and imperceptible eyebrows. As to his ability, that was just about the average. The office considered him a fairly competent man and paid him a fairly good salary, which seemed to Mosier most astonishing.

"I don't understand it at all," he said to Spink. "I know fellows who are twice as clever as I am—good, steady fellows, too, who aren't doing half as well. I know there are hundreds of better men out of employment altogether. Even here—look at Dinsey and Kraus. They ought to be where I am and I ought to be where they are."

"Sure," replied Spink, kindly. "A fool for luck!"

To go back to Miss Considine: The young man continued his visits to the house and for a long time there was nothing to distinguish the attentions he paid the daughter from those which the mother received from him. He did his little best to be agreeable to both, and showed no particular disappointment if the girl happened to be out when he called. In course of time, however, all that changed.

The first sign Spink noticed was a pronounced moodiness. He and Mosier, it must be said, were roommates. Sometimes Mosier dressed himself

with great care and went out, presumably to call on the Considines, for three or four evenings hand running. At other times he remained in his room for an even more extended period, reading "Lalla Rookh" and other poetry of a distinctly sentimental nature. If Spink spoke to him he replied in monosyllables and he sighed until his companion complained of the draft. His appetite for breakfast was poor and occasionally he neglected to shave himself. Spink, who was not a young man of great experience, was inclined to attribute all this to liver trouble. That made Mosier mad.

"What is it, then?" asked Spink. At last it came out, in a despairing explosion.

"It's Miss Considine," confessed Winthrop.

"What about her?" Spink inquired. "What's wrong with her?"

"What's wrong with her?" echoed Mosier. "Nothing's wrong with her. It's me. Tommy, I'm afraid I've allowed myself to fall in love with her."

"I don't see why that should make you feel bad," said Spink.

"You don't?" said Mosier. "Why, you must be crazy! Do you think it's nothing to be consumed with a hopeless passion? You wait till you have one and see how you'll feel, that's all."

"You chump!" said his friend. "Why should it be hopeless? I don't see anything hopeless about it. Brace up and go after her."

"I?" said the modest young man. "I go after her? Ae fellow like me? Why, the idea is preposterous! You've seen Miss Considine, haven't you?"



"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU AND DAISY."

You know who I'm talking about? Miss Daisy Considine?

"Yes, I know her," said Spink. "She's a nice girl."

"A nice girl! She's the most beautiful, graceful, charming, accomplished, the cleverest, the sweetest, the most angelic—"

"Oh, cut it out!" interrupted Spink. "Of course she is. They all are. What of it?"

"Oh, nothing," said Mosier, bitterly. "Only if you had any sense at all it might strike you as rather absurd to suppose that with all the world to choose from she would ever consider a poor stick like me. I'm not good looking, I'm not clever, I'm not lively, I'm not rich. I'm not anything. I'm a nonentity. If she wasn't the most kind-hearted girl in the world she wouldn't as much as look at me. I haven't got any illusions about myself. I know what I am and I know what she is. You're out of your mind if you think it's anything but hopeless." "That's all right," said Spink. "You ain't a great deal, but don't you ever think she's got her pick of everything there is."

Mosier laughed two short laughs and returned to "Lalla Rookh." It was clear that he was unconvinced.

The next time he went to the Considines he came back gloomier than ever. He continued in this depressed state of mind for over a month. Then he made the announcement of his engagement to Miss Considine.

"What did I tell you!" said Spink. "I know," assented Mosier, thoughtfully.

"You don't seem overjoyed," remarked Spink.

"Of course, I'm overjoyed," declared Mosier. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"Lalla Rookh" went back to the book shelf and stayed there. Three evenings in each week Mosier dressed with particular care and went to see his affianced, but he showed none of the exhilaration, none of the bubbling joy that might have been expected under the circumstances. As time went on he began to look most unhappy and his calls upon his betrothed became shorter and shorter in duration.

"Winnie," said Spink one evening, "what's the matter with you and Daisy? I notice you don't talk about her any more. Is anything wrong?"

Mosier considered a long while before replying. "Tommy," he said at last, "I am wondering if I haven't made a mistake. I know I can confide in you, and I don't mind saying that I've my doubts about Daisy. I've felt for some time—almost from the first—that there was something wrong and that she wasn't all I once thought she was."

"Why?" asked Spink. "Hasn't it ever occurred to you?" said Mosier. "Tommy, if there isn't something wrong, why do you suppose she accepted me?"

Spink considered in his turn. "If I understand you, Mosier," he said, "you have a suspicion that at the very least she showed she hadn't very good sense. I don't know but you may be right, too. I'm inclined to think that you are." —Chicago Daily News.

## WEALTH IN LITTLE THINGS.

Many Accumulate Fortunes on What the World Throws Away.

"A Chinaman will live on what a Frenchman throws away; a Frenchman will live on what a German throws away; a German will live on what an Englishman throws away; an Englishman will live on what an American throws away." We are the most wasteful people in the world. This, says a writer in Success, is so much the better for those who deal in our waste. The humble junk business, the trade of unconsidered trifles, has prospered in America more than in all other countries. In Boston lives a dealer who has accumulated more than a million dollars; several of his competitors could sign checks in six figures. The leading dealer in Providence, who handles nothing but scrap-iron, is worth half a million. Philadelphia has two junk millionaires and a cluster of near-millionaires. One of these Philadelphia dealers has half a million invested in buildings and equipment alone. Ground in New York is too costly for many large warehouses or iron yards, and most of them are located in New Jersey. Scattered over that State are a dozen dealers who have made \$50,000, \$100,000, \$200,000, \$500,000 from that which the metropolis has thrown away. One of these New Jersey dealers recently bought the greatest "lot" of junk ever handled in the world's history—the old iron and refuse which the French abandoned at Panama. The original cost of this material was about \$20,000,000. What was the tune of the mere song he paid for it, or how much he has made by selling off the scrap-iron and metal, no one has ever dared to estimate.

## Must Have Been.

"Heard some men talking about you, lovey, to-day."

"Indeed, what were they saying?" "I couldn't catch it all from where I sat, but from time to time I could hear some mention of the sugar trust."

## One Request.

Medium—Is there any question you would like to ask your first wife? Sitter—Yes; I would like to ask her to give my second wife her recipe for mince-meat. —Answers

dows for light, a tight door below separating same from the feed room to keep out dust and odors. The silage is dropped down this chute, and from there shovelled to the mixing boxes—one for the cows and one for the horses. There are two bins in the feed room and two more may be located on the floor above and connected by small spouts for drawing off the grain. These spouts may be located directly over the mixing boxes. All hay is supposed to be fed from above, one hay chute being provided for each two stalls.

The milk room being located as it is, the milk may be taken to it at once. In this room should be located the separator; also plenty of clean water; if possible running water should be provided. The shop is a very necessary room, and it will save many small repair bills. In it may be stored the nails, bolts, etc. In the horse barn the harness room is located in the center, which makes it handy to all parts of the same. The two box stalls provide room for both male animals as well as sick and ailing ones.

The hay bay is supposed to be open clear to the roof. However, some farmers may wish to arrange this space different. The partition separating the cows from the center section is boarded or plastered up tight, except the calf pen, to separate the cows from any odors, dust or dirt from the other animals. The box stalls, however, in both the cow and horse barn are so constructed that the inmates may have a good view of the other animals. They like company, and will do better if they can see their neighbors.

The floors of the cow stable, the milk room, feed room and silo are of cement, the gutter being formed in the floor and having a four-inch drain at the rear leading to the manure pit. The stalls are made to fit both long and short cows. The first stall in front is four feet wide and five feet long. The rear stall is three feet six inches wide and four feet eight inches long. The stalls then slope from front to the rear, each stall being slightly shorter. Stalls are now constructed in so many different ways that it is hardly worth while to mention them, every cow man having his